

POWER LOT

A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

[Rights of publication secured by the Wm. Weld Co., Limited, London, Ont.]

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Mary, too, saw in the great man's eyes the exhaustion of a spiritual fight, the self-immolation of the dog who strikes out once more to save.

"I hope that all present complications may clear for poor Rob's sake," she said, "and that he may find such a woman."

"He has not lived under the same roof with you, these past months," declared the man, with an emotion not to be mistaken, "without suffering, climbing, hoping; without realizing to the depths of his soul that that woman is that absorbs him, exalts him, stings him to despair."

He rose and stood for a moment with half-averted face, one arm up-lifted to a vine-clad pillar of the porch.

"I am forced to remember"—Mary spoke with an intensity that had driven the color from her lips—"that my own father was an inebriate, and that my brother is one. I do not entertain the thoughts that some entertain. My life, though stainless itself, I know, lies by way of sacrifice, but not by way of increasing, perhaps, the sum of evil."

"Nonsense"—he faced her—"I am a physician, as you know. I believe no man living has had a wider experience at least, of the human constitution and its limitations, and its possibilities. I tell you your assertion is nonsense. A man can grow out of evil, a man can change his nature, in weeks, months, in a day, in an hour. God lives and works by 'miracles.' New growth, new life. Nature proves it. Heredity is the bugbear of all the old Back-Numbers in existence. God laughs that theory to scorn, if we only had the eyes to see, and the courage to rise and live."

Mary, long quietly rusting at Power Lot, God Help Us, shrank a little from this startling mental antagonist. She was quite ready to turn the flow of the theme to lightness.

A smile dawned in her eyes.

"Thank you. I am well aware that I am an old 'Back-Number.'"

"Nonsense, again." The truth of him would not be withstood. "I love you till my heart is torn past control. Will you answer me?" he continued gently. "I have asked you this question before. You know my life, my reputation—celebrity, I may say without vainglory, since I want to present this case as alluringly as possible. My fortune is large, my character well proven. Mary—will you marry me?"

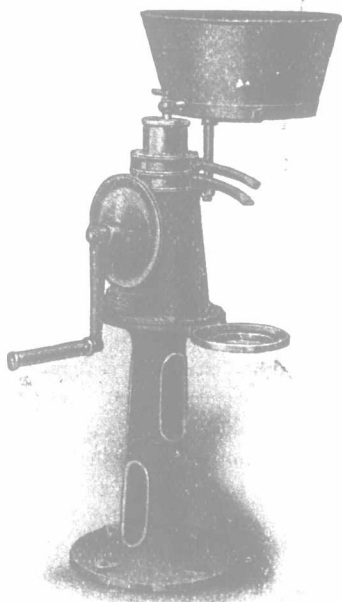
"No, oh no. You are cruel. Do not ask me that."

"You do not love me in the least like that?"

"No, oh no. Why, when one is in straits, do people think only of themselves?"

"Why, indeed? Well, I will think of myself no more." He returned to his chair, easily resting his arm on the chair-arm, and his iron-gray head on his hand; but the side of his face toward her was plain to view, strong, tender, his eyes looking out seaward. A qualm went to her heart, that ached with admiration and with pity. He would have renewed the bright sun of his youth, but his sorrow was above all things considerate and brave.

"I did not mean that," she stammered. "You are unselfish and great. But I—I think you mistake my power; my power over poor Rob, for instance. He is interesting; he is fascinating"—she smiled—"in one way, I admit, to a mind that has had so many stern realities to deal with as I have, he is so easily made joyous. Whatever his mood, he has a child's heart; though he has lived in the midst of sophistication and excess, he has kept a certain bright soul of his own, unblemished. I cannot express it in a better way, but



The Premier is the world's latest and best cream separator, constructed especially to meet

the requirements of the Canadian farmer. It attains better results in skimming than other separators, and it does this without abusing the operator, and without injury to itself.

The reason you should buy a



separator of any description is that it not only pays for itself, but after this is done it will pay you an annual profit of from 25% to 50%.

The reason you should buy a Premier in preference to others is that—while you have as good and better results in skimming—the machine does not need repairing every few years, as has been the case heretofore with all other cream separators.

This perfection in the Premier has been attained by the stick-to-itiveness of the most experienced and skilful mechanics in Europe, where it was first made, and where it has been sold for a great many years. It has been in competition with separators of every description, and time and again it has proved its superiority over them all.

Why buy an inferior machine when you can secure the Premier for a very little more money than the others?

Would it not be cheaper in every way to buy the Premier now? Write for free catalogue, and let us explain to you our free trial offer.

THE PREMIER CREAM SEPARATOR CO.,
659-661 King St., West Toronto, Ont.

Superfluous Hair, Moles,

Warts, Rup-tured Veins, etc., permanently re-moved by our method of anti-septic

Electrolysis
This work is done by experi-enced opera-tors only. No amateurs em-ployed.

LADIES AFFLICTED
with the above, or with any other Skin, Hair or Complex-ional trouble, who live out of town and purpose visiting the Exposition (Aug. 29th to Sept. 14th) should come to us and have their trouble treated by reliable specialists. Make ap-pointments early. Consulta-tion invited at office or by let-ter; no expense. Send for de-scriptive booklet "F."

Established 1892.
HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.
Dept. F. 61 College St., Toronto.

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARN TO RENT—The barn occupied by J. B. Hogate, Weston; 20 boxes; office; water; electric light; telephone; on G. T. R., C. P. R. and Suburban Ry. Apply: W. J. Bourke, Weston, Ont.

DAIRY farm for sale, 200 acres. Township of Vaughan, ½ mile from Metropolitan Ry., 2 miles from Richmond Hill. Brick house. Up-to-date barns. Two running streams. Good bearing orchard. Very desirable. Apply: H. A. Nicholls, Real-estate Agent, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Two very choice litters of Scotch Collies—sable and white—excellent pedigrees. Prices reasonable. If you want a dog that will work write: J. E. Pearce, Wallacetown, Ont.

TWO thoroughbred fox terriers. Male pups for sale. \$10 each. A. Fieldmarshall, Beamsville, Ont.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARN TO RENT—The barn occupied by J. B. Hogate, Weston; 20 boxes; office; water; electric light; telephone; on G. T. R., C. P. R. and Suburban Ry. Apply: W. J. Bourke, Weston, Ont.

DAIRY farm for sale, 200 acres. Township of Vaughan, ½ mile from Metropolitan Ry., 2 miles from Richmond Hill. Brick house. Up-to-date barns. Two running streams. Good bearing orchard. Very desirable. Apply: H. A. Nicholls, Real-estate Agent, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Two very choice litters of Scotch Collies—sable and white—excellent pedigrees. Prices reasonable. If you want a dog that will work write: J. E. Pearce, Wallacetown, Ont.

TWO thoroughbred fox terriers. Male pups for sale. \$10 each. A. Fieldmarshall, Beamsville, Ont.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARN TO RENT—The barn occupied by J. B. Hogate, Weston; 20 boxes; office; water; electric light; telephone; on G. T. R., C. P. R. and Suburban Ry. Apply: W. J. Bourke, Weston, Ont.

DAIRY farm for sale, 200 acres. Township of Vaughan, ½ mile from Metropolitan Ry., 2 miles from Richmond Hill. Brick house. Up-to-date barns. Two running streams. Good bearing orchard. Very desirable. Apply: H. A. Nicholls, Real-estate Agent, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Two very choice litters of Scotch Collies—sable and white—excellent pedigrees. Prices reasonable. If you want a dog that will work write: J. E. Pearce, Wallacetown, Ont.

TWO thoroughbred fox terriers. Male pups for sale. \$10 each. A. Fieldmarshall, Beamsville, Ont.

Third Annual SEPTEMBER 22-23, 1908
St. Thomas
Horse Show

WALLACE BRUCE, HOME BANK, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE."

you understand. I thought at one time that I had influence over him—unconsciously, in the sense that it was more, much more, than I desired to have—"

The color swept over her face. "I understand," said Doctor Margate, "perfectly."

"You may rest assured that now, though he is always courteous, he quite avoids me," she continued. "The utmost of my feeling towards him has been such—such, I should imagine, as a mother might feel toward an—an engaging, but unfortunate, child."

"That feeling, even unmodified, in its very essence, goes a long way," replied the man, still gazing calmly seaward; "farther than you know or dream of."

"But," Mary made haste to continue, "there is an actual tie involving a weaker appeal still, far weaker, in the case of my poor brother. I have not much opportunity for the studying of joy in any nature."

Bate, to her intense mortification, was making himself heard in the kitchen in an angry disapproval of her temporary withdrawal from active affairs and his delayed supper.

Doctor Margate divined much. "Poor girl—poor child," he said; "let me help you with that burden, with any burden, just as your old friend. Upon my soul, I will be content if you will only let me help you."

He reached out his hand and laid it lightly, though with a gesture of infinite protection, upon hers.

It was at this juncture that Rob appeared. He had seen Bate enter the house with that aggressive manner of importance which indicated an inward replenishing from some vinous resource at the River. Perished, in that instant, Rob's distaste for meeting Doctor Margate—in the thought that Mary "might need him." So he marched in, giving the noisy Bate a look of stern meaning on his way through the house to the porch door. Their backs were turned to him, but he heard the low pleading of Doctor Margate's voice, and saw the hand laid protectingly upon hers.

A cold hand wrung his vitals dry of all sensation for a moment. Then he caught his breath and advanced to the Doctor with a cordiality so correct and firm that it was visibly altogether Spartan. The good man's pleased exclamations at his health, his tan, his vigor, hardly pierced his consciousness. He knew that Mary was in a dilemma, that she would have been pleased to invite the Doctor to supper, that it was impossible on account of Bate.

"By the way," said Rob, with a splendid affectation of social ease, "I come as an emissary from Mrs. Stafford, who is anxious to see her guest, and who has her supper all prepared. May I escort you over, Doctor, and introduce you to your hostess?"

"Thank you. Good—I'll go at once. But see here, boy—why, you're grand," he exclaimed, holding Rob off. "Why, I'd give my money and my Sunday coat to look as you do. Is this Rob Hilton, or Saint Michael, Saint George, and Saint Glory stepping out of a picture frame? Bless you, lad, I'm more glad than you know to see you again."

Rob acknowledged these hearty encomiums but dully. What did it all signify to him? Mary was indeed forever lost to him. When he came back to his own meal, he heard Bate, even from a distance, pursuing a harsh, bumptious, brutal discourse with Mary.

"See here, for a girl that sets up to be as good as you be, you have a mighty suspicious lot o' men hangin' 'round ye. I wouldn't put on sanctimony, an' then act like the devil, ef I was you. Ye'd better be honest, 't least. Who was that cussid old dude settin' out thar' on the porch with ye, anyway. I wanted ter mow out in fron thar', an' ye had ter go an' plank yerselves down thar', shameless critturs."

(To be continued.)